

CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenious devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years, whatever she might be in looks, Margaret Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentlemen to the right about, far, though he was only 20, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingeniously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the 20 summers and the barely passed "exam" that wound up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent at one of these healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "induced."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check of \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when dropping in for five o'clock tea of some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this witching little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her way out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west saw plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had

phoned for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society job? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought—" That cab was 25 minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all alone away up to One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in evening dress? He left her at her door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a half pint of Hock, devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Pendennis for the lovely Fotheringhay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nina, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridle path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashion—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashion's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nina should have been graduated and then

could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy when that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Shortly on time he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, trampling the floor, fuming in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed up to the ladies' entrance and that the Cashion handed her out, escorted by her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened. I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrecked by two short turns on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the piazza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you."

"He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins. "They've waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"He's a double-dyed liar!" raved "Gov" furiously.

"And so what could I do, Gov? The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashion who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—about myself, too. Gov! It had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Canard and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to believe in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Tentone sailed. Even Nina had worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several masculine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was saying little, for she hated writing. "Gov" was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loving



"Would you like to go to her at once?"

and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let "Gov" return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, and she seated herself on a stone ledge, while in reckless abandonment he threw himself at full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?"

And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred. I'm almost mad."

Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surge and driving hard for home, with "Gov" cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison started in wistful delight, triumph and

dismay at the card in her hand, neglecting that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her beck and call, dismaying to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashion came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day of her life. "There were some few people among her admirers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said."

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the ceiling floor. He would have slept in the coachman rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-downed fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was rendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daff about Nina, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

And so began the second period of Gouverneur Prime's thrallment. A young civilian at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than be where he could hear and see, and live in daily torment. One comfort came to him when he could not be with Mrs. Garrison (who naively explained that "Gov" was such a dear boy and they were such staunch friends, real comrades, you know). He had early made the acquaintance of Pat Latrobe, and there was a bond of sympathy between them which was none the less strong because, on Prime's side, it could neither be admitted nor alluded to—that they were desperately in love with the sisters, and it was not long before it began to dawn on Prime that pretty Nina was playing a double game—that even while assuring her guardian sister that she had only a mild interest in Latrobe, she was really losing or had lost her heart to him, and in every way in her power was striving to conceal the fact from Margaret, and yet meet her lover at hours when she thought it possible to do so without discovery. As the friendship strengthened between himself and Latrobe they began using him as Cupid's postman, and many little ways and some big ones found their way to and from the Fourth division of cadet barracks. Mrs. Frank was only moderately kind to her civilian adorer then, granting him only one dance at each hop, and going much with other men, but that dance was worth seeing. Prime's was the only black "claw-hammer" in the room, and therefore conspicuous, and cadets—who know a good thing when they see it—and many a pretty girl partner would draw aside to watch the perfection of their step and the exquisite ease with which they seemed to float through space, circling and reversing and winding among the other dancers, he ever alert, watchful, quick as a cat and lithe and strong as a panther—she all yielding, lissome, airy grace. That dance was "Gov" Prime's reward, and almost only reward, for hours of impatient waiting. Other women, charming and pretty and better women, would gladly have been his partners. Some two or three whom he met at the hotel even, intimated as much. But not until Lady Garrison told him he must—to protect her from scandal—did he ask another to dance. At last came the end of the summer's enchantment, the return of the corps to barracks and studies, one blissful week in which he was enabled to spend several uninterrupted hours each day at her side. And then a cataclysm. A letter intended only for Nina's hands fell into those of her sister. It was bulky. It was from Latrobe. She hesitated only a moment, then, with determination in her eyes, opened and read—all. Two days after Nina was whisked away to New York, and within another week, leaving two most disconsolate swains on the Hudson, the sisters, one of them bathed in tears, went spinning away to the west, where Frank Garrison was on duty at department headquarters. Prime was permitted to write once a fortnight (he sent a volume), and Latrobe forbidden, but already the poor boy owned a thick packet of precious missives, all breathing fond love and promising utter constancy though she had to wait for him "for years. For a month Nina would hardly speak to her sister, but in October there were lovely drives, picnics and gayeries of all kinds. There were attractive young officers and assiduous old ones, and among these latter was Frost, with his handsome gray mustache and distinguished bearing, and that air of conscious success and possession which some men know so well how to assume even when their chances are slimmer than my lady's hand. The sisterly breach was healed before that beautiful month was over. Frost dined at the Garrisons' four times a week and drove Miss Nina behind his handsome bays every day or two. In November he asked a question. In December there was an an-

nouncement that called forth a score of congratulations around headquarters, and in January the wedding cards went all over the union—some to West Point, but to Latrobe, who had been looking ill and anxious for six weeks, said his classmates, and falling off fearfully in his studies, said his professors, only a brief note inclosing his letters and begging for hers. At reveille next morning there was no captain to receive the report of roll call from the first sergeant of company H. "Where's Latrobe?" sleepily asked the officer of the day of the cadet first lieutenant. "I don't know," was the answer, and to the amazement of Latrobe's roommate, who had gone to bed and to sleep right after taps the night before, they found evidence that "Pat" had left the post. He had just even made down his bedding. His cadet uniforms were all there, but a suit of civilian clothes, usually in a sash package up the chimney, that had been used several times "running it" to the hotel after taps in August, was now, like his owner, missing. After three days' waiting and fruitless search, the superintendent wired Latrobe's uncle and best friend, old Gen. Drayton, and that was the last seen or heard of "Pat." In the spring and ahead of time his class was graduated without him, for the war with Spain was on. In the spring an irate and long-tyed father was upbraiding another only son for persistent failures at college. "Gov" Prime will get the sack, not the sleepskin," prophesied his fellows. And then somehow, somewhere the father heard it was a married woman with whom his boy was so deeply in love, and there were bitter, bitter words on both sides—so bitter that when at last he flung himself out of his father's study "Gov" Prime went straight to Mildred's room, silently kissed her and walked out of the house. This was in April. The next heard of him he had enlisted for the war and was gone to San Francisco with his regiment with the prospect of service in the Philippines about

of him, but that was full four months after his disappearance. Thither, late in July, the father followed, bringing Mildred with him and—the reader knows the rest.

CHAPTER X.

One of Col. Frost's consuming ambitions was to be the head of his department, with the rank of brigadier general, but he had strong rivals and knew it. Wealth he had in abundance. It was rank and power that he craved. Four men—all with better war records and more experience—stood between him and that coveted star, and two of the four were popular and beloved men. Frost was cold, selfish, intensely self-willed, indomitably persevering, and though "close-fisted," to the scale of a Scotch landlord as a rule, he would loose his purse strings and pay well for services he considered essential. When Frost had a consuming desire he let no money consideration stand in the way, and for Nina Terris he stood ready to spend a small fortune. Everybody knew Mrs. Frank Garrison could never dress and adorn herself as she did on poor Frank Garrison's pay, and when she appeared with a dazzling necklace and a superb new gown at the garrison ball not long after Frost and his shrinking bride left for their honeymoon, people looked at her and then at each other. Nina Terris was sold to "Jack" Frost, was the verdict, and her shrewd elder sister was the dealer. Mrs. Frank knew what people were thinking and saying just as well as though they had said it to her, yet smiled sweetness and bliss on every side. Frankly she looked up into the faces of her sisters in arms: "I know you like my necklace. Isn't it lovely? Col. Frost's wedding present, you know. He said I shouldn't give Nina away without some recompense, and 'this is it.'"

But that could have been only a part of it, said the garrison. An honorarium in solid cash, it was believed, was far the greater portion of the consideration which the elder sister accepted for having successfully borne Nina away from the dangers and fascinations of the Point—having guarded her, drooping and languid, against the advance of good looking soldier lads at headquarters, and finally having, by dint of hours of argument, persuasion and skill, delivered her into the arms of the elderly but well preserved groom. All he demanded to know was that she was fancy free—that there was no previous attachment, and on this point Mrs. Frank had solemnly averred there was none. The child had had a foolish fancy for a cadet beau, but it amounted to absolutely nothing. There had been no vows, no pledge, no promise of any kind, and she was actually free as air. So Frost was satisfied.

They made an odd looking pair. Frost was bony built but sturdy, and Nina seemed like a fairy, indeed as unsubstantial as a wisp of vapor, as she came down the aisle on his arm. They were so far to the south on this honeymoon trip as almost to feel the shock and concussion when the Maine was blown to a mass of wreckage. They were in Washington when the congress demanded full satisfaction of Spain, and Col. Frost was told his leave was cut short—that he must return to his station at once. Going first to the Arlington and hurriedly entering the room, he almost stumbled over the body of his wife, lying close to the door in a swoon from which it took some time and the efforts of the house physician and the maids to restore her. Questioned later as to the cause she wept hysterically and wrung her hands. She didn't know. She had gone to the door to answer a knock, and got dizzy and remembered nothing more. What became of the knocker? She didn't know. Frost inquired at the office. A bellboy was found who said he had taken up a card in an envelope given him by a young fellow who "seemed kind of sick. Mrs. Frost took it and flopped," and a clumberhead ran in to her, and then hurried for the doctor. "What became of the letter or note or card?" asked Frost, with suspicion of jealousy in his heart. Two women, mistress and maid, and the bellboy swore they didn't know, but the maid did know. With the quick intuition of her sex and class she had seen that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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MURDERED IN BED.

Police Are Looking For the
Slayer of Gustaf Erickson.

Other News of Interest From Various
Parts of New England States.

Clinton, Mass., Nov. 15.—Chief of Police Stone and Inspector O'Day of Worcester were here yesterday looking up evidence to account for the whereabouts of Oscar Nelson, accused of the murder of Gustaf Erickson in Worcester, from 3:30 o'clock Saturday morning, when he was seen in the yard of the Fitchburg railroad at Worcester, to 12 o'clock Saturday noon, when he was positively located at Clinton.

Erickson and his wife lived on the top floor of a 2½-story tenement house, about 2 o'clock Saturday morning, a family on the ground floor was aroused by cries coming from the Erickson tenement, and rushed up to find Mrs. Erickson in her night dress, leaning over the prostrate form of her husband, in the kitchen of their home. Her nightgown and hands were smeared with blood, and the man was bathed in it. A red stain flowed from a wound in his breast, while blood stains were on the floor, and made a red path to the bathroom, off the kitchen.

According to the story told by Mrs. Erickson a man leaped over her as she lay asleep on the outside of their bed, and plunged a knife into her husband's heart.

There is no doubt that Erickson was stabbed while in bed. The knife went straight to his heart, and but one blow was delivered.

Love, jealousy and revenge are presumed to be the elements to the motive for the crime. Mrs. Erickson is held by the police.

Lost her New Daughter.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Revering the decree of the probate court, Judge Morton yesterday handed down a decision in the supreme court allowing the will of Richard Garvey. By the instrument, the only child of the testator, Nellie Garvey, is disinherited, and Mrs. Laura Murphy is made residuary legatee. Keenly feeling the act of his daughter in seeking to place him under guardianship as an insane person during the last days of his life, the testator manifested his disaffection for her in not mentioning her in his will. The amount of the Garvey estate is about \$100,000.

Constitution Is to Be Revised.

Concord, N. H., Nov. 15.—It is officially announced that the voters of New Hampshire decided at the recent election to hold a convention for the revision of the constitution of the state. One of the principal objects of calling such a convention is to amend the constitution so as to reduce the membership of the state legislature. The accommodations of the state house are totally inadequate for the present number and a new ratio of representation is a necessity.

Supposed Burglars Rounded Up.

Boston, Nov. 15.—By the arrest of four young men by the officers of the Roxbury district, last night, it is thought that the principals in numerous burglaries that have taken place in that section have been secured. Unusual efforts had been made to round up the parties responsible for the numerous breaks, and as many as 65 officers in citizens' clothes have been distributed over the district in a single afternoon with that end in view.

Clinton Man, This Time.

Clinton, Mass., Nov. 15.—John S. Wood of this town has received letters from Spain similar to those received by Mr. Ladd of Haverhill, to the effect that he has inherited a fortune in Madrid. Wood visited Worcester yesterday and had the will translated by a Spanish student in an academy there. The student is of the opinion that the will is a true document.

A Watchman's Fight With Burglars.

Portland, Me., Nov. 15.—An attempt to blow up the safe in the office of the Portland Iron and Steel company of 11-12-13 Main was made yesterday, but the burglars were frightened away without securing any booty, after a lively pistol duel with Watchman Nixon, 20 shots being exchanged. The large vault in the office was badly wrecked.

Concord's Oldest Citizen Dead.

Concord, N. H., Nov. 15.—Concord's only centenarian and the oldest man who voted in New Hampshire at the last election is dead in this city at the age of 100 years, 10 months and 14 days. He was John Knight, a native of London. He became a citizen of the United States in 1834, and had voted at every presidential election since.

Four in a Prohibition Sentiment.

Brunswick, Me., Nov. 15.—Fifty prominent leaders in the cause of temperance met here yesterday and organized the Maine Prohibition alliance. The announced object is to strengthen and enlarge the work of the Prohibition party in the state, and encourage the spread of prohibition sentiment in Maine.

Charles W. O'Brien, a Very Fast Fortune.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Robert B. Brigham, the famous restaurant keeper of this city, left an estate which has been appraised for his executor as of the value of \$2,250,000 at his death, about 11 months ago. Under his will, public charity will receive about all of his estate on his sister's death.

Killed in a Car Crash.

Boston, Nov. 15.—During the car crash between the sophomore and freshman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology yesterday, Hugh C. Moore of Rochester, aged 19, a member of the freshman class, was so badly injured that he died while being taken to the hospital.

Whitinsville, Mass., Nov. 15.—Zeno Desjardins was killed by being buried in a sand bank here. He was a teamster, and was at work filling a wagon. When the sand fell on him, no one was at hand to give assistance.

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WAS UNCONSCIOUS FOR MANY DAYS.

Story Told by Abbe Whitney, Priest in the Arrest of Two Young Men.

Auburn, Me., Nov. 15.—It appears that the mystery concerning the Abbe Whitney case, in which she was mysteriously drugged, is about to be cleared up. Two young men, one in Lewiston and the other in Auburn, have been arrested, and the police are on the track of the suspected third party.

City Marshal Garcelon has put in much time and hard work to apprehend the guilty parties, and bring them to justice. There is little doubt in the minds of Lewiston and Auburn people that the girl was drugged, but who the guilty parties are is not definitely known.

The two men arrested were Edward J. Dewey of Lewiston, 24 years old, and John H. Ahern of Auburn, aged 22. Both men bear a good reputation, and many do not believe that they are guilty of the charges preferred against them. Both deny having been connected with the case, and claim they knew nothing of the matter. They were arrested on the charge of assault and battery on the person of Miss Abbe Whitney of Auburn, while she was at a dance at Sabattus, Saturday night last. City Marshal Garcelon made the arrests, and locked both men up. Later they appeared before Judge Mitchell and were ordered to furnish bail in \$300 each, for their appearance before the Auburn municipal court. They secured the bail at a late hour and were released.

Miss Whitney had been unconscious at her home here since last Saturday night. She regained consciousness yesterday afternoon, and the story she told City Marshal Garcelon coincided in almost every particular with the disjointed allegations made by the girl while she was in a stupor.

King Oscar Is in Very Poor Health.

Paris, Nov. 15.—Private but most trustworthy information has been received here to the effect that King Oscar



KING OSCAR.

of Sweden is in a very low state of health. His recent brain attack, it is added, deprived him of his memory, and he seems unable to recuperate. The facts are being suppressed.

Morgan Will Not Succeed Moody.

East Northfield, Mass., Nov. 15.—Regarding reports that Rev. G. C. Morgan of London had been invited to take charge of the Moody schools, and so far as possible take up on all lines the work of the late Dwight L. Moody, Mr. Moody's son-in-law made the following statement: "There is to be no change whatever in the management of the schools. Will H. Moody is to remain at the head of the Moody work in every particular. We should be delighted to have Mr. Morgan come to East Northfield, make his home here, educate his children with us and be one of the most prominent workers of the Northfield extension movement. But that he is in any way to succeed W. R. Moody has no foundation of truth."

Cramer's Verdict in Burr Case.

Stonham, Mass., Nov. 14.—Medford Examiner Jack held an inquest yesterday over the remains of Horace F. Burr, a Boston architect, whose headless body was found in the woods here, and a verdict of death from accident was rendered. It is thought that Burr fell from a high ledge. The fact that the head was several feet distant from the body is accounted for by the supposition that it was done by some wild animal, as a fox had evidently gnawed the skull, which was entirely devoid of flesh.

McCrillis Claims \$20,000 Damages.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Ransom F. McCrillis, who was deposed from his office of deputy collector of internal revenue by Collector Gill, yesterday secured a writ against the collector. The action is one of tort, and defamatory libel and slander are alleged. The writ is returnable in Salem Dec. 3. A writ of attachment was forwarded to a Springfield lawyer for the purpose of having it placed against the property of Collector Gill in that city.

Sister Suffocated by Gas.

Providence, Nov. 12.—Sadie and Lizzie Gallagher, sisters, retired early Saturday night. When they did not appear at breakfast time Sunday a brother-in-law went to arouse them, and detecting the odor of gas, forced the door, and found them dead. It is supposed that in turning off the gas it was unwittingly turned on again, the cock being very loose. They were 21 and 25 years old, respectively.

Lippett May Have Foundered.

Boston, Nov. 15.—No tidings have yet been received from the schooner Henry Lippitt, which was reported being driven by South Shoal Lightship, in a distressed condition, during the hurricane last Friday. The absence of any news is regarded as indicating that something must have happened to the vessel, and among shipping people it is thought that she may have foundered. There were seven men on board.

Not the Man Wanted in Maine.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Another attempt to identify Edward P. Blancy, who is serving a sentence of six months at Deer Island for threatening his wife, as Edwin E. Hall, the man wanted in Maine for the murder of Alexander McKinnon in July, 1897, met with signal failure yesterday. Maine state officials who knew Hall visited the island and furnished absolute proof that the two men are not identical.

Neither a Son or a Officer.

Norwich, Conn., Nov. 15.—Coroner Brown's decision on the shooting of the burglar at the Oak Park railroad station completely corroborates the account of Brooks. Reuben Gough identified the remains as those of George Miner of Montville. Miner was about 25 years old, and had spent the greater part of the past 23 years in prison for different burglaries.

CZAR'S SICKNESS

Causing Grave Anxiety Among
the Advocates of Peace.

Rumor in Rome That Attempt Was
Made to Poison the Monarch.

London, Nov. 15.—The serious apprehension with which the announcement of the fact that the czar was suffering from typhoid fever filled Europe emphasizes how much the peace of the world is believed to be dependent upon him.



EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

But for the statement contained in the official bulletin that his majesty's malady is taking a thoroughly favorable course, the news of his illness would have created nothing less than consternation. It is generally felt at the present critical state of international affairs that even a temporary weakening of the influence of so favorable a factor in the maintenance of the world's peace justifies great anxiety, especially as the czar is regarded in Europe as a kind of a counterpoise to Emperor William.

Public anxiety will, therefore, remain strained until the more robust monarch recovers. In political circles any other issue of his majesty's malady is regarded as a nightmare.

The impression exists in most European capitals that the illness of Emperor Nicholas is more serious than it is represented to be, but this is probably based upon knowledge that the czar's constitution is not strong, and is little likely to resist a serious attack.

In Copenhagen the illness is attributed to overwork in connection with the Chinese crisis, and there is also a suspicion that the hygienic conditions and water supply at Livadia may be faulty.

There is no news from St. Petersburg on the subject beyond the official bulletins, which indicate that the attack is only slight, no high temperature having yet been reached.

A rumor is current in Rome that the illness of the czar is due to poisoning, and it is asserted that cipher telegrams have been received at the Vatican saying that an attempt was made to poison both the emperor and empress, but that the latter was not affected. This story, however, is not believed. King Victor Emmanuel telegraphed for definite information, and got a quick reply that the czar was as well as could be expected.

The illness of Emperor Nicholas is commented upon by the German press as an extremely serious matter. The Vossische Zeitung points out that, if the czar dies, there will be a long regency, while nothing definite is known regarding the czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael.

Removal of S. mp T. ex.

Winona, Wis., Nov. 15.—Congressman Tanney of the ways and means committee, speaking of the meeting to be held in Washington, Nov. 20, says: "The object is to consider the extent to which the war revenue taxes can be removed and amendments suggested to make the law more satisfactory in administration. It will be the desire to remove just as many of the stamp taxes as possible, but this will have to be done gradually, so as to avoid enfeebling too close to the danger of a deficit."

Haverhill Man's Good Fortune.

Haverhill, Mass., Nov. 15.—George W. Ladd of this city has received commendations from attorneys in Spain to the effect that a distant relative has died and bequeathed him a fortune amounting to \$250,000. Ladd says that a relative of his married a wealthy Spaniard, and that the explanations given him by the administrator are absolutely correct.

Midnight Assault on Two Women.

Rosbury, Mass., Nov. 15.—At midnight Sunday, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Kathryn, two aged women, residing at East Corinth, were brutally assaulted by a drunken man. Mrs. Elliott was frightfully beaten and remained in an unconscious state for some time. The man who committed the assault has not as yet been arrested.

W. in Contractors to Hurry.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Rear Admiral Sampson, commandant of the Charlestown navy yard, expresses great dissatisfaction with the progress that the contractors are making on the new dry dock at the yard. Admiral Sampson wants action taken to hurry up the work. He says that "the work is practically at a standstill."

PRISONER SHOT TO DEATH.

Threat of Murder Made Against a Keeper in Boston House of Correction.

Boston, Nov. 15.—While making an attack on Henry W. Dean, one of the keepers at the house of correction, John Johnson, a colored man, serving 30 months' sentence for perjury, was shot yesterday, and died almost instantly. According to the story as told by the police, Johnson had complained Wednesday night of being ill, and was taken to the hospital. Yesterday morning he said he did not sleep well, and made additional complaints as to his condition. The prisoner was placed in a cell in the hospital, and remarked that he would make trouble if Dean was allowed to enter his cell. The officer was told to enter the cell and try and quiet the prisoner, and as Dean did this, Johnson rushed at him with a bucket in one hand and a stool in the other. Dean, realizing his danger, drew his revolver and sent a bullet through the prisoner, from the effects of which the latter died within a few minutes.

The official story that Dean was perfectly justified in shooting the man, but Dean was arrested before Judge Fallon yesterday afternoon, when he was held without bail on the charge of murder.

NEW ENGLAND DRIFT.

Dr. Arthur Pearson, a well known dentist, and former assistant postmaster of Derby, Conn., died at that city of meningitis, aged 57.

Frank W. Hihnman, one of the best known newspaper men in Connecticut at one time, died at New Haven from typhoid fever, aged 35. He was one of the most skillful yachtsmen in New England.

For the third time in three weeks, the Boston common council failed to meet for lack of quorum. The loan bill has been held up for many weeks, and this was the only business scheduled for consideration.

The contract for a new five-masted schooner, to cost \$55,000 ready for sea, was signed at Providence. The Holmes Ellipbuilding company of Mystic, Conn., will build it for the Sutton fleet of New Haven.

Edward Spaulding was killed by a freight train at Northumberland, N. H. He was in a wagon at a crossing.

The seamen shipped on the schooner Ralph M. Harvey jumped their contracts at Fall River, Mass., because of the presence of non-union seamen on the ship. Frank Hily fell 40 feet at a coal wharf at Boston, and was so badly injured that he died on the way to a hospital.

An unknown man, 43 years old, was run over and killed by a train on the N. Y. N. H. and H. railroad at Boston.

So severe was the blizzard at Windham, Vt., that a two horse team from Andover was stalled in the snow drifts and had to be abandoned for two days.

Among several voluntary petitions in bankruptcy filed at Boston was that of Clayton W. Allen, with liabilities of \$50,112.32, and only \$232.29 of this secured.

Francis Baldwin has been arrested at Lowell, Mass., for alleged violation of the laws regarding clairvoyance. He procured bail by assigning a diamond ring worth \$200 to a local pawn broker.

Harvard defeated Brown at football at Cambridge by the score of 11 to 6.

The wrecked British schooner Wawbeek was sold at auction at Boston to the Red Star Towing and Wrecking company, for \$170. The wreck is not considered worth repairing even for use as a lighter.

The whole country around Newport, Vt., is buried under a foot of snow, which promises good sleighing for some time yet, and in all likelihood the foundation for the winter's sleighing has arrived.

Sullivan Ryder's sawmill, at North Rochester, Mass., was burned, together with logs and prepared box boards, which were ready for shipment. The loss is several thousand dollars.

The barn and icehouse of Joseph J. Rogers at Plymouth, Mass., were burned, the fire starting in some unexplained manner. Loss, \$3500.

Carl D. Dradley, a salesman of Boston, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. There are claims against him for \$65,337, and he has \$435 worth of assets.

To the surprise of even the most ardent of her admirers, Yale rolled up a score of 35 points against the Carlisle Indians in the annual football contest between the teams of the two institutions, at New Haven.

The fishing schooner Charles W. Parker reports having drawn up while fishing off Cape Ann, a bed spring, a copper wire, bell and fixtures. The wreckage is believed to have come from the steamer Portland, which went down in the great November storm of 1893.

A bill has been introduced in the Vermont legislature to have the capitol located somewhere else than at Montpelier. It was drawn in one of the large cities of the state, and an effort will be made to pass it.

An incendiary was probably the cause of the fire which made a damage of \$4000 at the cottage owned by Mrs. J. R. Elbridge, at Newport, R. I.

Rev. Archibald McCord of Keene, N. H., has been called to the Styles Memorial church of Fayetteville, R. I.

The body of John Southern of Boston, a laborer, was found in the water in that city, the man evidently having committed suicide.

The fire in the upper story and roof of the main building of the Harvard Brewing company, at Lowell, Mass., caused a loss of \$75,000. The origin of the blaze is unknown, but it may have been caused by lightning.

The yacht Providence, Captain Sterling, from Boston for New York, was dismasted off Boston light, and towed back to Boston by the police boat Guardian.

The store of M. B. Wyman at Mattawamkeag, Me., was entered by burglars, who carried away watches valued at more than \$100.

Fred Moore, aged 15, rode rapidly home on his wheel from school at Madison, Me., and two minutes after reaching the house he dropped dead of heart failure.

GOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Butter—Creamery, Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 22c; New York extra, 21½c; western extra, 20½c; firsts, 19½c; imitation creamery extra, 18½c; lard, 13½c; box and print creamery extra, 21c; lard, 13½c; Ohio flat extra, 10½c; eggs, 10½c.

Eggs—Suburban and cape fancy, 25c; eggs, eastern choice fresh, 22½c; Vermont and New Hampshire choice fresh, 22½c; fair to good, 16½c; western fancy, 19½c; selected, 18½c; fair to good, 16½c; refrigerator, 15½c.

Meats—Beef, choice, 12½c; good, 11c; lard, 13½c; choice, 11½c; forequarters, choice, 6½c; common to good, 5½c; mutton, extra, 7½c; common to good, 5½c; lamb, choice, 13½c; common to good, 10½c; yearlings, 5½c.

Poultry—Turkey, choice eastern, 17c; extra, 18c; 11½c; chickens, spring extra, 11c; fall to good, 12½c; western, extra, 12½c; fowls, eastern, 12½c; western, 12½c.

Green mountain, 18c; fall to good, 12½c; sweet, 13½c; 11c; yellow, 11c; 10c; 9c; 8c; 7c; 6c; 5c; 4c; 3c; 2c; 1c; 0c.

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Industrial Trust Co.

NEWPORT BRANCH,
303 THAMES STREET.

Capital, \$1,200,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, 619,525.55

The Industrial Trust Company transacts all the lines of business of a modern Trust Company, including a general banking business and the execution of all forms of trusts.

The company is a Depository of funds of the State of Rhode Island, of the Cities of Providence, Pawtucket, Newport and Central Falls, and of many of the Towns in the State.

The Company has the largest Capital of any banking institution in Rhode Island—20 per cent. of which is, under the provisions of its charter, deposited in approved securities with the State Treasurer.

Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Assignees and Trustees depositing the funds or property of their estates with the Industrial Trust Company are exempt by law from all personal liability.

Interest Paid on Deposits subject to check at sight.

Depositors on

Poetry.

A TALK ON THE WALL.

BY MARGARET E. RANSOMER.

Every day, on blue or gray,
 A shadow, like a winged bird,
 Turns in the wall, and there it stays,
 Word of comfort, word of cheer,
 Word of courage, word of love.

Sometimes it's a whisper sweet,
 Sparkling like a drop of dew;
 Just to tell of some one's love,
 And I need the day and night,
 With the music in my side.

Sometimes it's a gentle note,
 A soft, clear, ringing bell;
 Or a song that seems to float
 Like a bird from the heart of the sky,
 Then it's a word of love and cheer,
 That breathes life into the wall.

Now, in this blue or gray,
 From the eye of a prophet old,
 Meets my eye a warning word,
 Stern, defiant, eager, bold;
 Seem to see a vision of the past,
 Forward in the strength of love.

Sometimes, when my spirit soars,
 And the shadows from the wall
 Rise up and sing a song of love,
 Proudly, bravely, and with joy,
 Swift to cheer me on my way,
 Every day, on blue or gray.

Turn in the wall, and there it stays,
 Word of comfort, word of cheer,
 Word of courage, word of love,
 Word of faith and hope.

Selected Tale.

A PRACTICAL CHARITY.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR BOUTTON.

Juliana smiled into the glass before which she was putting on her hat. The face in the glass smiled back, although the smile was compounded of one part bitterness and two parts amusement.

"It really is too ridiculously absurd that I should be on that committee," she observed. Late that evening, she could not refrain from catching up the hand glass to examine if the back of her serge jacket was really so very shiny as she had feared. The emphatic way in which the hand-glass was held down spoke of more than a desire to be punctual at the clothing committee-meeting.

"After all," she said to herself, as she ran downstairs, "absurdity is so exasperating as to make it quite worth while" and in this little incident had quite got the better of bitterness.

The street was a quiet one and Juliana almost ran as she went. In sight of the church door she suddenly stopped, stopped so long that the Rev. Paul Simonson, hurrying by from the opposite direction to precede at a run, thinking that something must be amiss.

"I'll do it!" she exclaimed aloud, and then first became aware of Mr. Simonson.

"Nothing desperate, I hope, Miss Perkins," he remarked, hardly knowing whether to take her look of fierce determination in jest or earnest.

Juliana solved the problem by a merry laugh.

"But it is desperate," she observed, as they went up the steps together. "It will do nothing less than petrify the committee, and if you don't stand by me—"

"I shall be petrified, too," I had noticed your Melissa glare," said the young minister in a whisper before hurrying to his place at the table.

Whatever desperate deed Juliana was revolving in her mind, she kept it to herself until the other ladies had made their reports and preferred their requests. Mrs. Smith's Johnie was in rags again; of course she had never put a stitch in that last suit, though she could have made it almost as good as new if she had half minded it. And Mrs. Gluckstein's children were all bare foot again—really! the six of them! though really the shoes that had been given them were very nicely mended. And Polly Ferrati!

"How long is it since we fitted her out with that good pink gingham? hardly worn at all. A perfect rag now?" And so on.

"Miss Perkins," called the deaconess from the roll in her secretary's book. "No report," said Juliana calmly.

The deaconess gazed, nine heads turned to Emily in Juliana's direction and nine pairs of eyes of various colors glared at her as stonily as the Medusa act had actually been accomplished. Mr. Simonson stroked his mustache to conceal a smile.

"Widow Smolenski," began the deaconess, "is on your list, I believe, Miss Perkins. She is always buying clothing for one or another of her children. Has she had nothing this month?" There were volumes in the word "nothing."

"No, she hasn't," replied Juliana calmly. "She hasn't and neither have Patsy Quindlan's children, nor Mary Mahoney's nor even the little sick woman's in the rear tenement—Teresa Golder. And if you'll excuse me saying so, their eyes were fixed on the minister's nose, and so even not to observe the blessing of the committee. I think that the time of ten intelligent, capable women—not to speak of a deaconess and a minister—for the life of her Juliana could not help ripping over into laughter—might be used to better advantage than the way we use it here, forever lifting our poor people with old clothes, and then grumbling because they take no sort of care of them."

The girl suddenly became aware of the battery of eyes, but she held on bravely.

"I know I am the youngest member of the committee, and the rest of you have years of experience to my months"—Juliana caught herself up—the tossing of Miss Janeway's very youthful but warned her that she had blundered, but it was too late to retreat. "But it seems to me that we only need to put two and two together to prove that we are pauperizing our poor people by our generosity in the matter of old clothes."

To this day Juliana wonders how she had been allowed to go on so long. Now a torrent of exclamations broke forth. "The church is duty," "charity," "hard times," "out of work," "thoroughly investigated," "known to be worthy." A fine sneer at last cut its way through the tumult: it came from under Miss Janeway's much-bellowed hat. "Miss Perkins so little knows what it is to need clothes that it is not strange she cannot sympathize with the poor in their need."

The shiny back of Juliana's serge jacket fairly burned as the girl made her reply.

"It is because I am the only one here who does know that I have the right to speak. These poor people of ours are far too poor to afford what our old clothes cost them, the small notion of thrift and carefulness that they began with. I think we ought to put all these old garments into thorough repair, and then not give them away but sell them for the low price such things are actually worth. Give them all the

help you like us to partial payments, and all that, but make them pay for everything. I think you have no idea of the preservative effect upon a pair of old shoes of a payment of ten cents or even a nickel."

The petrified faces relaxed under the warmth of the girl's words, and her sudden laugh set flowing a confused murmur that seemed to betoken a perplexed approval. Then the decisive voice of Mrs. Worthington, carry clear:

"I think Miss Perkins is right; in fact, the same thought has frequently occurred to me, as it must to every one who looks at all into scientific philanthropy; but how to make the idea practicable in our own case."

And in the pause which followed the Rev. Paul Simonson found room to say: "Perhaps Miss Perkins has matured a plan."

"Not that," replied Juliana, "but I have had a sort of inspiration. If the committee like I am willing to undertake it, not as a part of my church work," she went on in haste, involuntarily raising her hand to check the tumult which her intended interruption, but as a matter of business. I will undertake to mend and keep in order the contents of our clothing closet, selling them for what they thus become worth, and repaying to the benevolent fund the estimated amount of their original value." She hesitated a moment and then added: "Perhaps one of you know that I have just failed to pass the examination for teacher in a public school and that I need work. I shall be very glad of an opportunity like this."

The women crowded around her, quite forgetting to be parliamentary. They were thoroughly good women, though like most women they had their little ways, and every one of them felt their heart warm toward the girl who had held her own so bravely. The deaconess alone had presence of mind to whisper to the minister that it would be well to call the meeting to order, and put the matter to vote. "Which was hardly done—the question being carried without a dissenting voice—was Miss Janeway breathlessly moved an adjournment."

Juliana escaped to the clothing room. Such a heap of uselessness as it looked! The congregation of St. Hubert's seemed to find it a fitting reproof for everything that no one could possibly use. A smile of bitterness and amusement like that which Juliana had seen in the mirror at home swept over her face as she looked at the six years of old dresses and now this!

The ladies came swarming in, they really must look things over and see what was there.

"These ball dresses, for instance, would Miss Perkins kindly suggest any possible use for such rubbish? And these half-worn dress suits! How were they to estimate the present value of such things?"

"Send for the little old-clothes woman around the corner," suggested Juliana; and then she escaped into the solitude of the swarming avenue, deftly avoiding the Rev. Paul Simonson by the simple device of using the basement door.

"It is high time you knew yourself, Juliana Perkins," she was saying to herself, "you'll never learn younger. Why should you flatter yourself that your sympathy with children and your taking ways"—her smile was very scornful now—"would make a teacher of one who took a merely respectable rank in college? And since you are incompetent to earn a living by your brain, why should not your fingers serve you? Better a good patcher and darning than a poor teacher, mother would say; and thanks to dear old nanney, I am good at my needle."

She caught a glimpse of her trimly fitting gown in the glass window of a saloon, and involuntarily held her head higher; her smile softened and she added to herself: "Why cannot I make this queer old-clothes business a vocation, teaching thrift to our poor friends over in the tenements?"

"Let me see," she continued, "if I had passed the examination and got a school I should have had a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars the first year—a round and a half a day the year round; that is less than a common seamstress; it is just about a fair price for me, I should say."

The ragged petticoats and aprons in the clothing room rose up before her vision. "No," she went on, "it would never do to charge a dollar and a half for mending things of that kind—make them too dear. I must think it out."

It was with the result of thinking it out very clearly defined that Juliana presented herself at the clothing room next morning. The deaconess and the rector were holding council in the hall.

"Deaconess Brown tells me that you are going to inaugurate a revolution in our clothing room," Miss Perkins said to the rector. "If more than approve on general principles, but are you sure that your valuable work will not make the garments too costly for our poor people to buy?"

"I am sure it will, Dr. Templeton, and that is why I ask your approval of a detail of my plan. May I lay the contents of the closet and mending things as I best can, under Deaconess Brown's supervision as to prices? I have no money," she hesitated to add, "I must pay for the garments one by one as I sell them; but if I can thus give a little employment to some of our unemployed, and make use of some things that now simply clutter our shelves, I shall not have worked quite in vain."

"A very good plan for us, I am sure, Miss Perkins, and I sincerely trust that it will afford better things for you than at present it appears to me to promise. And for further details, I must leave you in the hands of Deaconess Brown, with power to appeal to Mr. Simonson, if you desire further aid."

Dr. Templeton waved his hand toward his assistant, just then appearing in the doorway, and led to his own quarters. There were a hundred more important matters on his mind than the parolish old clothes.

The Rev. Paul Simonson was also overworked, and had a hundred things on his mind, but to him it was perfectly clear that no other parolish interest was of such profound and far-reaching importance as that which lay within the fair walls of the clothing room. He listened with rapt attention while Juliana explained to Deaconess Brown.

"If nothing more comes of it than relief to Mrs. Curry I shall not have undertaken this in vain," the girl was saying, her hand upon a shelf piled high with garments of interest black.

"She is on the verge of desperation over her inability to fit out Biddy Maginnis' boys and Tessa Goldoni's infants with the last year's evening coats of the gilded youth of St. Hubert's. Thirteen full suits and six extra pair of trousers," she added with a grimace that made both her companions laugh.

"My tailor tells me that nothing can be done with an old style evening coat," observed the young minister.

"Not even the shoemaker can measure them with a foot rule."

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

"That's because you are so fashionable," laughed Juliana. "If you went to an ordinary tailor he would direct you to a man who would take your old suits off your hands, furnish them up, and sell them to waiters in restaurants. That is what I shall do with them. Christine Sprecher, who is not strong enough to work more than a couple of hours at a time, will clean and press them beautifully, and I find ten cents an hour a God-send. I shall work over the Lutenhodes and take any other needed stitches, and when I have sold one to Emil Fischer, whose little girl is in our kindergarten, and others to his friends and his friends' friends, then Deaconess Brown will sing for joy of the thirteen times five dollars that I shall bring to her benevolent fund, and Christine will weep for gratitude of thirteen times fifty cents for cleaning and pressing, and I shall sing with thirty cents over thirteen times two fifty in my own purse. See?"

The minister saw the girl's smile, the deaconess, the force of her mathematics. "Eight dollars apiece for those suits?" she asked.

"They pay for ten for the ready-made stores, not half so fine or so durable, but new. So you see my enterprise will be to the profit of everybody."

"How about the extra trousers?" asked the deaconess, beginning to be interested.

"See the benefit of a grandmother," laughed the girl. "Mine told me last night what they did with them in her young days; but I shall not tell you till I have bought these trousers cheap."

Half a dollar a pair is quite enough to pay for them. And then Christine will rip and sponge them into the most enchanting boleros and Eton jackets, and that sweet, old Swedish grandmother of the Midways, who learned sewing in Stockholm, will be glad to make them for a dollar apiece; and the linings and fringes will cost half a dollar and I shall sell them for two dollars and a half, just half what they can be bought for in the department stores, and my profit will be three-quarters of a dollar and all the fun there is in it!"

Her eloquence had long ago won her audience. There was no skepticism in the deaconess' question, "How about the ball dresses?"

"Ah, here's where the benefit of a mother comes in. Mine told me last evening how the housekeeper of a summer hotel goes to the last scrap the old evening gowns that the guests leave behind. The straight lengths are made into comfortable, and all odd bits and crooked pieces into carpet-rugs. Even old lace curtains and no-quite-bare—with a glance at a nondescript pile of flummery—answer for comfortables by being doubled. I intend to pay St. Hubert's nothing for these things, however. The joy of having the horrors taken off your shelves will be profit enough, and our Mother's club, that is so anxious to work for others who are poorer than they, shall do the work and sell the comfortable to the very poorest for the mere cost of wadding. Won't that be delightful?"

The minister's eyes glistened. "I think there was no mistake made when you failed in your examination, Miss Perkins," he murmured.

Juliana flashed a look at him, and turned quickly to another shelf. "Of course all these flannel undergarments and old stockings will make over for the children. We cannot sell them for much, and I can afford to do no more than that and plan them, but there are so many of our inexperienced women who need work that we shall be glad to give it out to them at a low price, and neither St. Hubert nor I may count on much profit. Yet I am sure I can make the garments repay me for the time I give, and our women will be glad of the work! As to the stout coats and trousers, and the good gowns and capes they are worth all the time and trouble it will cost to put them in order."

"And you feel sure you can sell enough to pay for all this troubling—the people who are used to getting these things for nothing will come to buy?" asked the minister hesitatingly.

"The flush in Juliana's eyes was overclouded by a mist. "Mr. Simonson! don't you know our people—and all the people better than I do! that they would rather buy than beg? You will hear them thanking us a year from now to promise you."

"I knew—I believe you—I am sure of it," stammered the companionless young deaconess, "it only means—is there going to be enough in it, to you enough of profit, I mean, to give you time to a work for each true beneficence as this?"

A smile had suddenly cleared away the mist—a smile in which was no mockery.

"I am sure of it," she said. "I went all over it last night with mother and grandmother, and they felt certain on general principles of economics, that there ought to be a fair day's wage in it for me. And though I have not quite the same confidence that my elders seem to have, nevertheless I am confident that it will prove to be, as you say 'right' and as I say, profitable, to undertake this thing."

"That was a year ago," Juliana has not made a fortune; by dint of very faithful work and good judgment her profits have come nearly to what she estimated—a dollar and a half a day. But she has had profits that are worth to her more than anything above a necessary livelihood could be—the knowledge that there is a sum in the benevolent fund, which but for her would not be there; that there are homes made more comfortable by the small sums she has been able to pay for work, and mothers and children who know something of values that they did not know a year ago."

The dramatic possibilities to which Juliana looked forward have very largely been realized, and she has had many a merry laugh over funny incidents connected with her unusual calling. But there was one dramatic incident of which she had had no anticipation. It occurred the other day when the minister came to show her a call to a parish of his own, and to tell her—well, what young ministers are apt under such circumstances, to tell the girl whose slightest words they have been treasuring up for a year or more. The interview was private, and no one knows precisely what reply Juliana made, but Deaconess Brown is going about with a long face, saying she is sure no one else will ever keep the clothing room up to the point of distress to which Miss Perkins has brought it.—The Independent.

A man's job may win a woman, but he can't do it unless he is able to maintain her on it.

Not even the shoemaker can measure them with a foot rule.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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The Two Parties Compared.

The Republican party is in its position quite as clearly as in its policy. The late successor, says William G. Brown in the November Atlantic, of the Federalist and Whig parties. It bears today the stamp of Hamilton's purpose, of Marshall's constructive, even more legitimate than Lincoln's profound insight into the popular mind of Stevens' unwavering thoroughness.

Of the two historical types of American character, the New England Puritan and the Virginian, the former is by far the more prevalent among its members.

No wonder, therefore, that it always goes before the people with a list of its practical achievements. Its orderly conventions are not unlike meetings of stockholders; its committees are like boards of directors. Here, one might say at almost any Republican gathering in the North is American energy, American shrewdness, American business earnestness, occupied with political work. These men will go at the matter directly; they will reconcile or compromise their differences; they will waste no time with meandering oratory; they will certainly get something done. Then each of them will go about his business. Such is the impression an observer would have got at Philadelphia last June.

At Kansas City in July, at Chicago four years ago, one would have seen a different sort of Americans going at their work in a different way. Here, one might have said, is the American idea still militant, the American character not yet smoothed out of its angularity by contact with the larger world. Here is no business association, but a debating society, and none of the most orderly at that. What was energy yonder is enthusiasm here; what was there compromise and agreement or a pitched battle for supremacy. Here is less forethought of tomorrow and more questioning of the coming day, less correctness and more simple honesty of purpose, less intelligence and more hospitality to great ideas, less work and more oratory. This is the political aspect not of America the materially successful, but of America still revolutionary, still trying out the world's ideals.

The men who at the beginning of the century distrusted the elder Adams were in Jackson's time have distrusted the younger, and the men who believed Jackson's charges against the National Bank would in any day cry out against Wall street and the "square mile" in London. They would look favorably on the plan of choosing senators by popular vote, and might even attempt to reconstruct the financial system of the world in accordance with the popular conception of money.

"Ah!" exclaimed Youngfellow, as he vainly tried to quiet his first-born, "what is home without a baby?"

"Comparatively quiet, I should say," rejoined his old bachelor uncle.—Chicago Daily News.

"Dabney Diggs can't make any headway with his counting."

"Why not?"

"His rival is a railway man, who is always giving the girls pass to go somewhere."—Indianapolis News.

"Blowhard has a big opinion of himself."

"How big?"

"Well, he's beginning to imagine he's annoyed by camera lenses."

Puck.

"Have you started out right with your new cook, Laura?"

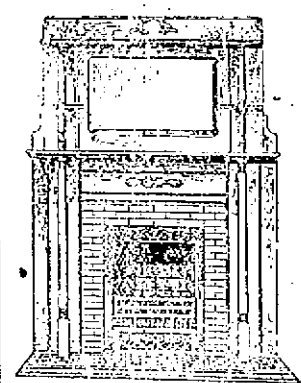
"Yes, indeed; I'm going to let her do all the things I wouldn't let the other cook do."—Chicago Record.

"Are you never afraid of burglars in your flat, Deming?"

"No, never. The baby and the parrot take turns in keeping us awake all night."

WOOD MANTELS,

150 Different Designs.



It is no exaggeration to say that we carry a large and more complete stock of Mantels and fire-place goods than all other dealers in New England. So other house in the country can possibly sell the same quality of goods at the prices we quote. Why? Because we manufacture largely, and at certain seasons of the year retail our goods at wholesale prices.

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Mantel 15 feet wide over all and 6 feet 8 inches high.

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Freight allowed to your city.

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LOCAL and CLIMATIC.

Nothing but a local remedy will cure catarrh of the eye.

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The specific is Ely's Cream Balm.

It is quick and sure.

Opens and cleanses the nasal passages.

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Cramps Coughs Bruises

Diarrhea Colds Burns

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Gives instant relief.

Two sizes, 35c. and 50c.

Only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

JOHN J. MANAKIAKER.

Literary Notes.

On a Yellow Journal.

The Thanksgiving Number.
Of the Saturday Evening Post dated November 10. The cover is by Harrison Fisher. The opening article is "The Leaders in American Diplomacy," by Honorable John W. Foster, formerly Secretary of State. Honorable Frank A. Vanderbilt, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, contributes "The Onward March of American Trade." Honorable Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, has an article on "The Development of the Modern City." Major Arthur Griffiths, of the British Army (retired), has an anecdotal sketch of General Wolseley. The Adventures of a Pioneer Plainsman are told by Captain John J. Healey. The fiction includes "Senate Bill 575," by Brand Whitlock; "For Divers Reasons," by Charles Battell Loomis; "The Banner Bearer," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "The Diary of a Harvard Freshman," by Charles Macomb Flannery; "Moose on the Boundaries," by W. A. Fraser; "Henry Higgins' Last Story," by Joe Lincoln; "A Supper by Proxy," by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. There is a half-page poem called "The Ballad of Oxy B. Orr," by Ho-man F. Day. The editorial page deals with timely subjects; the department of Men and Women of the Hour contains new stories, and the "Public Occurrences" tell of the efforts to capture South American trade. Frank W. Thomas gives Confessions of a Mind Reader; Madeline Bridges has a poem called "An Unfolded Love"; William Matthews contributes "The Matter-of-Fact Man." The other departments are Literary News and Oddities of Science.

Youth's Companion Calendar.

More thought and expense than ever before have been lavished on the calendar which the publishers of the Youth's Companion will present to every one subscribing for the new volume of 1901, since it is to be a souvenir of the paper's 75th year. It is an exceptionally attractive calendar, and has been designed and lithographed for the Youth's Companion exclusively. The central figure of the calendar is an ideal portrait of a Puritan maiden of Plymouth, and the 12 colors in which the calendar is lithographed reproduce the delicate coloring of the artist's original painting with perfect fidelity.

After the usefulness of the calendar is past, the portrait of Priscilla can be cut out and framed and preserved as a beautiful household ornament.

This calendar, which is sold to non-subscribers to the Youth's Companion for 50c., will be given to all new subscribers for 1901, who will also receive, in addition to the 52 issues of the new volume, all the issues of the paper for the remaining weeks of 1900 free from the time of subscription. Illustrated announcement of the volume for 1901 will be sent free with sample copies of the paper to any address. The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Fertilizers for Plants and Fruits.

The selection of fertilizers depends upon the kinds of crops to be grown, and upon the uses of the various food elements depends the cost of the fertilizers without expending money for that which may not be desired. All vegetables of which the leaves and stalks are the edible portions will be most benefited with nitrogen, such as cabbage, celery, etc., but potash and phosphates should be also used. When seeds are desired, such as wheat and other grains, phosphates should predominate, while tomatoes, egg plants, melons, squashes, etc., prefer potash as the leading ingredient. It may also require fertilizers other than the preferred one for the vines and stalks, but to secure good crops the substances mentioned as being preferred by the crops should not be lacking. As soils differ in texture and fertility no rules can be given for the previous crop grown may have left unused in the soil certain kinds of fertilizers that will be taken up by the next crops. Some plants, such as clover, beans and peas, prefer potash, though they contain large proportions of nitrogen, which, however, is derived by them from the atmosphere.

More Than Bare Gratitude.

A Turkish paper from Constantinople reports the following story, which it declares to be authentic. It puts Androcles and his lion completely in the shade: A hunter heard dreadful groans coming from behind a bush, and on approaching saw a large bear lying on the ground wailing in pain in the air and groaning. On examining the paw the hunter found that many horns were embedded in it. He immediately set to work and extracted them, the bear remaining quite quiet. When he had finished the animal showed its joy by dancing around him, after which it "made a sign" to the man to follow it, and led him to a tree. The bear then stood up against the tree and put its head into a hole, and "made a sign" to the man to do likewise. When he looked in he saw the tree was hollow and full of honey, and was able to get from it eighty-ones (about 200 pounds), which he took home.—London Telegraph.

Noiseless Trolley Cars.

One of the numerous styles of noiseless car wheels that have been patented but which rarely see practical service, is being tested by two trolley roads in Chicago. The unique feature of the wheel is the insertion of a strip of paper between the tire and the body of the wheel proper. The centres of the wheels are of cast iron and the tires of chilled iron. Between these two sections is a layer of paper weighing about two and a half pounds per wheel. The edge of the centre and the inside surface of the tire are stepped and beveled so that the two pieces can be drawn tightly together, the whole being fastened by means of twelve 3/4 inch machine bolts. It is claimed that besides its noiselessness this type of wheel is equally as durable as the all-iron wheel, and that a renewal of the tires can be made at a smaller cost than a new wheel of the ordinary type can be bought for.

Collecting Fads of Royalty.

Queen Victoria is a keen collector of fads, of which she has many beautiful specimens, modern as well as antique. Collecting is one of the fads of the day, and everyone, from the sovereign downward, seems to suffer from the craze. The Prince of Wales has preserved the libretto, programme and playbill of every opera, concert and play he has attended since he was a boy, and they must form a truly stupendous collection. The Duke of York has a fine collection of posters, including some of Cheret's Paris posters. Prince Edward of York is true to the juvenile fancy of postage stamps.—London M. A. P.

I had a letter of introduction to one of the editorial writers. "Good old James," he said, half to himself, as he finished the letter. "I wish I could have a good long talk with him once more." Then he turned to me.

"Mr. Curtis," he said, "do you suppose you could get a job in a dry goods store, anywhere in this city?"

"If you can," he continued, "I earnestly advise you to take it, or any other position you can get, rather than come into this business. I can—if you are determined—if you have made up your mind—I can, as James says, get you into it. I can take you up to the city editor there, and in an hour you will be on the street looking for a photograph of some poor woman who has given birth to triplets or tried to grow herself. If it happened to be the latter, you'll be expected to write of her as 'beautiful Teresa O'Faherty weary of life,' and invent a love story for her. But you'll learn it all soon enough."

"I have been in this business as many years as you have been on earth," he went on, after a short pause in which I said nothing, "and I have been, I think I may say, more than ordinarily successful. I have served in every capacity, from curb reporter to managing editor, and knowing the business as I do, I earnestly advise you to take any work that chance may offer, rather than this. It is the only profession I know of in which a man's usefulness ceases just about the time he has mastered his trade. These young fellows around here call me 'the old man,' 'the doctor' and 'the professor.' They mean it kindly enough, to be sure, but I know what it signifies. A man over forty-five is of no use on such papers as this. If he is kept at it as a pensioner in some small-salaried position, I am—or I was at nine o'clock last night—in good standing. But I know there may be a discharge notice in that box for me now. If there is, what is there for me to do? Nothing but go up to the city editor and ask for an assignment the same as yourself. You needn't look surprised. Such an incident would cause no comment in the office. It is rare for a man to hold one of the higher positions more than six months, and when he loses it he begins again as a reporter. I was Sunday editor of a Chicago paper for a year one time, and it was so unusual that everybody about the paper was making bets from week to week as to whether I'd last until the next Sunday."

"I have little hope that you'll heed what I say. When I went into it, I was advised in just the same way, but I couldn't bear to follow the plodding routine which falls to the lot of the beginner in other professions. I know just how you feel. You want the excitement. You want the novelty. You want to meet famous people. You want to be in the whirlpool of events. Well, you'll have it all, but you'll swallow it with dust and ashes all the same."

This reception was hardly what I expected. Nevertheless, I didn't back out. The two years since I left college had been passed as a private in the Cuban war, and as a sort of knockabout on a tramp steamship which carried me twice around the world. I had an uncomfortable feeling that my people were beginning to look on me as a ne'er-do-well, and I was anxious to settle down in a permanent occupation. My choice of a "yellow" journal came not from any preference, but from the fact it was the one which offered an immediate opening. I didn't know then what constituted the essential characteristics of "yellow" journalism, nor what sacrifices of self-respect I exacted from its devotees.

My first assignment was to get a story about a mysterious wedding ceremony that had taken place on a ferryboat crossing the river between two States. The name of the minister, the time of the ceremony—late at night—had already been published. I was to supply the names of the wedding party and their reasons for so unique a ceremony, and most important of all, get their photographs. I failed utterly. The minister refused flatly to tell the names of the party and I could go no further. I was made to feel that this failure put me under a cloud. For several days I was given no important assignment, but was kept at the work known as "hunting for pictures."

Pictures were the ruling passion of the "Yellow Planet." The city editor would break all the ten commandments to get a picture to adorn a story, and he expected his reporters to be ready to do the same. "Hurry! Pictures! Pictures!" he would say to each reporter as he gave out the assignments. A story too trivial in itself to be printed would find space if a picture accompanied it. A story in which the facts took only two lines of space would be accompanied by a picture two columns wide.

One day the city editor sent me out to get a photograph of a fifteen-year old girl who had run away to become an actress. "You know the girl," he put up in a case like that," he said, indignantly, as I turned to go. "Tell the mother that the police department has requested it, and persuade her that if we print a picture it will aid in finding the child." Another time he said, "I want you to get a picture of the bride, tell them we already have a picture in the office, but it's an old, rather homely thing, and we'd much prefer to have a good picture. That bluff generally works."

To go to a friend of the original of a coveted photograph and tell a plausible story about being sent by the original to get a photograph because the latter had no more left was a device used almost daily and often with much success. The professional photographers of the city had been victimized so often by false pretence, and by the bribing of their employees that they were on their guard, and only a few of the less reputable ones could be depended on to furnish copies of photographs in their possession.

Late one night an old reporter, who was lounging about the local room, after writing his story, took me under his wing and, in a spirit of benevolent helpfulness to a beginner, gave me some pointers that were truly enlightening. He was the star man of the paper, a "smooth guy" with wonderful ability in "gum shoe stunts." Translated, this meant that he was a skillful liar and was good at accomplishing tasks that required deception and secrecy. He was a middle-aged man, corpulent, with gray hair and a benevolent countenance. Twenty-five years of perpetual false pretence had failed to rob his features of an appearance of frankness which won the confidence of everyone he approached. His whole appearance suggested the middle-aged banker, lawyer, doctor, minister or any other of the many characters he often assumed, rather than the typical reporter. A distinguished looking, an impressive manner, a glib tongue and a smattering knowledge of everything under the sun,

enabled him to deceive all but the most astute.

"This matter of getting pictures is an art in itself," he said. "Every case requires a different method. If some kid has done a fancy stunt like passing an examination or winning a prize, it's easy enough. You can make them believe you're doing them a favor to print the picture. It's in the other cases that you must be artful. Now last night I wanted to get a picture of a woman who eloped. Her friends wanted the couple caught, but as usual didn't want anything in the papers. A reporter couldn't have got a picture from them if he tried till doomsday. I went down there and gave the police man on the beat a five-dollar bribe to introduce me as a detective from the central office. The rest was easy. You know those pictures I saw in that scandal about the swell couple that got married in June? I went to the photographer and told him I was getting up an article for a magazine about ten prominent June brides. He hesitated at first, but finally consented to give them up, as the purpose was one the parties would hardly object to. When that fellow down in New Jersey eloped with his wife's sister, I went to the girl's mother and represented myself as a man of wealth and leisure who was shocked at such an outrage. I told her if she would accompany me, I would pay all the expenses and bring them back. She bit, and the Planet had exclusive stories every day for two weeks. I don't believe those people know to this day that I was writing them."

These and dozens of other experiences he told me of, and they were as entertaining as the adventures of Francois or any other picturesque and clever rascal.

Another reporter whom I liked to talk with had been Sunday editor and city editor, and was familiar with methods in the upper circles of "yellow" journalism. He told me how the paper fired an ex-champion pugilist to report a prize fight at Carson City. The ex-champion won some money on the fight and remained drunk for ten days. The story of the fight was written by a man in the office and signed with the pugilist name. It was so well done that it drew a comment from a well-known literary weekly.

The practice of paying a professional champion in some line of sport so much per week for the use of his name explains the presence in the yellow journals of the much advertised departments "conducted by the world's champion James." Jones couldn't write a five-word sentence correctly, and he never goes near the office except on pay day. Some hard-working sub-editor, unknown to fame, does the work.

This practice is confined to champion pugilists and jockeys. If my informant is to be believed, he told me he had written many a column of book reviews, answers to correspondents, and similar matter, which appeared in the paper over a name well-known in American literature. There is nothing on earth the "yellow" journals will not "fake" outright, or print on the most shadowy basis of good faith. I recall a statement on a question of current interest which appeared over the signature of a bishop. It was well known that the bishop would see no newspaper men. One reporter was sent to him as a devout follower of the bishop's faith, who was passing through the city and could not think of going away without seeing and speaking to so distinguished a divine. The bishop was affable. The reporter steered the conversation toward the topic and got the bishop's sentiment. Then the reporter produced a book written by the bishop and asked for the author's signature in it, just as a memento of the visit. The sentiment appeared in the Planet next day over a facsimile signature of the bishop.

One of my assignments had to do with this same bishop. It was suspected he was going to another city to take part in an important secret conference, and I was detailed to watch him. Early in the day I took a position commanding both entrances to the bishop's residence. He didn't appear until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I dogged his footsteps while he made two calls and followed him into a street car. I thought I had stumbled on a star story when he got off at the railroad station, but it turned out he was going innocently to take dinner with a friend a few miles out in the country. I followed him faithfully, and as he walked up the steps to his home late in the evening I approached and tried to interview him. He had been so misrepresented, so often placed in unflattering positions by the newspapers that he was quite terror-stricken by the encounter with a reporter, and out of sheer pity I backed away as quickly as possible.

The uncertainty of tenure in the executive offices which my friend spoke of was illustrated by his own experience. He told me of the first assignment given him after he was deposed. There was a foreign minister on a transatlantic liner which had just arrived. "Our tug will take you to the vessel," said the city editor. "They won't let you aboard; but when the tug gets close to the vessel, catch one of the ropes that hang over the sides. The tug will then back away, and then they'll have to pull you on deck and you can get an interview." My friend was very bitter about it. "I darsay you'd enjoy it," he said. "You're young and you like adventure, but when a man gets to be forty-five, he oughtn't to be compelled to do such things."

Most of my own assignments were legitimate enough, though I often started on one vowing to myself, that I'd sooner be a ditcher and keep my self-respect than do such work. But one night I was sitting in a corner of the local room chatting with the marine reporter. He was telling me of a schooner about to leave port which wanted two able-bodied seamen to go to Demerara. I didn't know where Demerara was then (I wish I had never learned—but that's another story); but it sounded far away and interesting. Just then the city editor's sharp, staccato call took me up to the desk. He explained that a prominent State official with whom the Planet had a quarrel had a deformity on one side of his face about which he was very sensitive. His photographs were all taken in profile. The official was to be in a parade the next day, and I was to take a camera and get a photograph showing the deformity. I didn't say anything. I had just drawn my salary, so that there was nothing coming to me; and the next day I failed to turn up.—Philip Curtis in Boston Transcript.

In spite of their unsavory habits, the Chinese often escape disease because their houses are well ventilated and the children receive a daily sunbath.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Women's Dep't.

The "Little Health" of Women.

The lack of physical vigor in so many of our so-called "civilized" women is one of the obstacles to their emancipation and enfranchisement. How can a sickly, nervous, hysterical young woman fulfill the duties and responsibilities of her after-life? An invalid man is at a disadvantage in every sphere of physical, mental and moral activity. The same is even more true of an invalid woman. As scholar, student, wife, mother, housekeeper, nurse, teacher, or physician, she is at a grievous disadvantage. Nature intends a woman to be as healthy as a man. A vigorous, cheerful, efficient woman must, as a rule, have had a childhood and girlhood developed under favorable physical conditions.

In the June Forum, Wm. O. Krohn, psychologist of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane, describes the successive periods of physical growth, and the exercises appropriate to each. A child does not develop all parts of its body at the same time. It grows first in length, then in girth, then in breadth and depth of chest, then in width and height of face, and in breadth and length of feet. Exercises and habits adapted to one stage of growth are unsuited to another. Certain functions and groups of muscles remain nascent until the proper time. Two periods of life are especially critical, and of peculiar "storm and stress." The child of seven becomes fatigued less readily than the child of six. Yet, strange to say, the child of eight becomes fatigued more readily than the child of six or seven. At eight to nine many children baffle to bright, fatten out; later, if allowed to rest, they regain their lost prestige. Children from six to nine may well be permitted to drop out of school altogether. That is the age for joyous recreation, for light physical exercise in the open air, without strain or fatigue. But the most rapid physical growth and varied mental emotion are between the ages of twelve and fourteen. From nine to fourteen, exercises are appropriate which develop grace and agility, games that require skill but not endurance. Then follows the period of special physical development, from fourteen to twenty, which usher in the era of maturity.

When we consider the sedentary life and close atmosphere of the school-rooms, to which our young girls are subjected under our present systems of education, it is no wonder that our young women so often break down in later life. What our girls need is more outdoor exercise, more freedom from mental excitement and overwork, more easy and cheerful social surroundings, longer hours of sleep, and shorter hours of study. Let them

"Whistle back the purr of the cat and leap the shadow of the brook; Not with blinded eyesight peering over miserable books."

Not the least among the causes of the "little health" of women is the life-long fetter of their dress. Long skirts are "an abomination to the Lord," but compulsory on the lady. Yet much of their embarrassment is self-imposed. Only last week, as I stepped out upon the platform of a car, a lady in front of me suddenly stood perfectly still. I discovered, to my chagrin, that my foot was on her dress. I promptly removed it. Still she remained motionless. Then I found that my other foot was also on her dress. Now, there is no sense in a woman sweeping Boston streets without pay! Only two days ago I met, at a reception, one of the most promising of young lady writers, herself a suffragist, arrayed in a long train which should have been carried by a page. How can women, so attired, live active and healthy lives?

When the enfranchised mothers of free America have the recognized right and duty and responsibility of shaping the education of their daughters, let us hope they will save the girls from premature mental excitement and worry, and insist upon a very different educational routine. One reason why women in our newer States and Territories are so easily made the political equals of the men is because the more free and less conventional conditions of their frontier lives have prepared them for the privileges of citizenship.—H. B. B.

"Elizabeth," she of the "Garden," has sent the Critic a message through her publisher, to say that it is she, and not Princess Henry of Prussia, who wrote "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer." She makes this statement because she wishes the delightful letters that she receives from her American admirers to come to her instead of going to the princess Henry. The real "Elizabeth" is the Countess von Arnim. It will interest her readers to know that there is now an August baby, making the fourth girl in "Elizabeth's" family. Readers of the "German Garden" may not have noticed that under the date of January 15 is written, "The April baby will be six next month." That is, in February, Macmillan's catalogue announces as forthcoming "The April Baby's Book of Tunes," with numerous illustrations and music.

In welcoming a recent conference of men and women to Topeka, Hon. J. A. Trautman, one of the leading citizens, said: "I am glad to see so large a proportion of ladies. I think I am more glad to see the ladies than the men. A valiant fight has been made for the recognition of women in the industrial, professional, and economic walks of life, and that battle has been measurably won in Kansas, the viragoes and Jezebels have not increased, but women of thought, of influence, and power, have increased. Ladies, we welcome you."

The Earl of Chatham used to bow so low when he met a bishop that his nose could be seen between his knees. A snavity no less appalling to its object marks the assent of our Indians in the social scale. A teacher in an Arizona mission school lately noticed a big boy holding a discussion with a little girl at the door. He was explaining to her that girls should always "go first." She was accustomed to seeing the woman carry the load behind the man, and being back, stretched at such gallantry. Of hundreds of young Indians the phrase may truthfully be used, "Not dandied, but advancing."—Youth's Companion.

"I believe," said the well-meaning man, "in giving your friend a little wholesome advice whenever the occasion arises. It doesn't cost you anything."

"It costs you your friend, very often," said the woman.—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you enjoy reading Dickens?" "Very much," answered Miss Cayenne. "His works contain so many old and villainous characters to whom it is a pleasure to compare those we dislike."—Washington Star.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 72 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Furnace Fire.

A whole winter's annoyance may be saved by coming to a thorough understanding of the furnace and its workings early in the season. No matter how good the "help" in other directions, the housewife should understand the "know how" of furnace management, and insist upon certain rules being carried out, if the house is to be kept at the proper temperature with the least labor, and the greatest saving of fuel.

The furnace fire should be shaken down and raked perfectly clear in the morning. A few shovelfuls of coal should be put on and all the draughts opened. The ashes should then be taken up.

As soon as the coal begins to burn well, and the fire looks clear at the bottom, put in enough coal to come almost to the top of the firepot. Keep the draughts open until the gas has burned off; then close them, and later, if the fire be too hot, open the checks.

Except in extremely cold weather this is all the attention that ought to be necessary through the day. The fire must be raked down, and fresh coal put on in the evening, but a small amount of coal will answer for the night, unless the draughts have been open the greater part of the day.

On an exceedingly cold day it may be necessary to have the draughts open a part of the time, and some put coal on at noon.

All the clinkers should be removed when the fire is raked down in the morning. The water pan should be replenished in the morning.

Some careless people leave the ashes for days at a time at the bottom of the furnace, where they absorb the heat, robbing the house of its share and often burning out the grate.

If the furnace fire be allowed to burn to a white heat it will be ruined for that day, unless some coal be put on a little later.

The cold air boxes must admit enough air to drive the hot air through the house, but not more than can be heated.

"One hundred two's?" said the post-office clerk. "Yes, ma'am."

"And charge them to Mr. Newlied, No. 111."

"Sorry, ma'am," interrupted the clerk, "but we can't do that."

"You can't?" the young bride exclaimed indignantly. "My husband's credit is good everywhere, and, besides, we always get our letters from you?"—Philadelphia Press.

Sabbath School Teacher (striving to inculcate a love of truth) Now, Willie, suppose you were to promise your mother that you would come right straight home from Sunday school, and then did not do so, what would you be doing?

Willie Waters. Goin' as-winnin' ma'am.—Puck.

Mrs. Cobwigger. When men turn around in the street to look after a woman it shows that she has a pretty face.

Cobwigger. That's so, my dear! And when women turn to look after her it shows that she has a pretty dress.—Puck.

Miles. My grandfather celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth one day last week.

Giles. That's nothing. If my grandfather were alive today he would be 152 years old.—Chicago News.

"The most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle" is the smallest of the three great orders of knighthood in point of numbers, and the longest in point of title. It consists of the sovereign, British powers and sixteen knights.

"I believe," said the well-meaning man, "in giving your friend a little wholesome advice whenever the occasion arises. It doesn't cost you anything."

"It costs you your friend, very often," said the woman.—Philadelphia Press.

Manager. I—er—am sorry to say that we—er—shall have to dispense with your services here in London.

Actress. Why? Haven't I acted splendidly?

Manager. Certainly. Actress. Haven't I lost my jewels and found them again?

Manager. Yes. Actress. Then explain this conduct. Manager. Well, you have been in London two weeks and you haven't become engaged to a duke yet.—Syracuse Herald.

"Have you any definite outline for conversation, Clementine?"

"Yes; when people call on me I expect myself; when I call on them I don't."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Have you read 'How Men Propose'?"

"No; I never did care for fiction."—San Francisco Call.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children with teething. It has been used at night and broken up your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, and at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the bowels, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Paris consumes more than 2,000 tons of snails annually.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has always given substantial comfort and relief to consumptives; it has worked most remarkably cures. Don't despair. Relief can certainly be had and a thorough cure is possible with this wonderful remedy. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

Dining cars for third-class passengers have been introduced on some railway trains in England.

While there is life there is hope. I was afflicted with catarrh; could neither taste nor smell and could hear but little. Elie's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus G. Shantz, Railway, N. J.

The Balm reached me safely and the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave decided relief. Respectfully, Mrs. Franklin Freeman, Dover, N. H.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. As easy to take as sugar. Only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Food-squeaking wisdom and loafers go to work tomorrow.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

It is estimated that the world's consumption of iron this year will amount to 6,000,000 tons.

There is no other article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good purgative—strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Balsam of Black-berry Plasters.

Snails, by means of an acid, which they excrete, contrive to bore holes in solid iron-fence.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Just One Sample Ton of Jeddo Lehigh Coal

Will prove its superiority over all other Lehigh Coals when you test it in your Greenhouse or Furnace. You don't get up in the morning and find furnace or stove has consumed all its contents. It will burn longer, without clinkering, than any other coal in this market. Lorry, Lykens Valley and Pittston White and Red Ash Coals always in stock.

The GARDINER B. REYNOLDS CO., Opposite Post Office, and Sherman's Wharf, Assistant Five to Five in Evening.

